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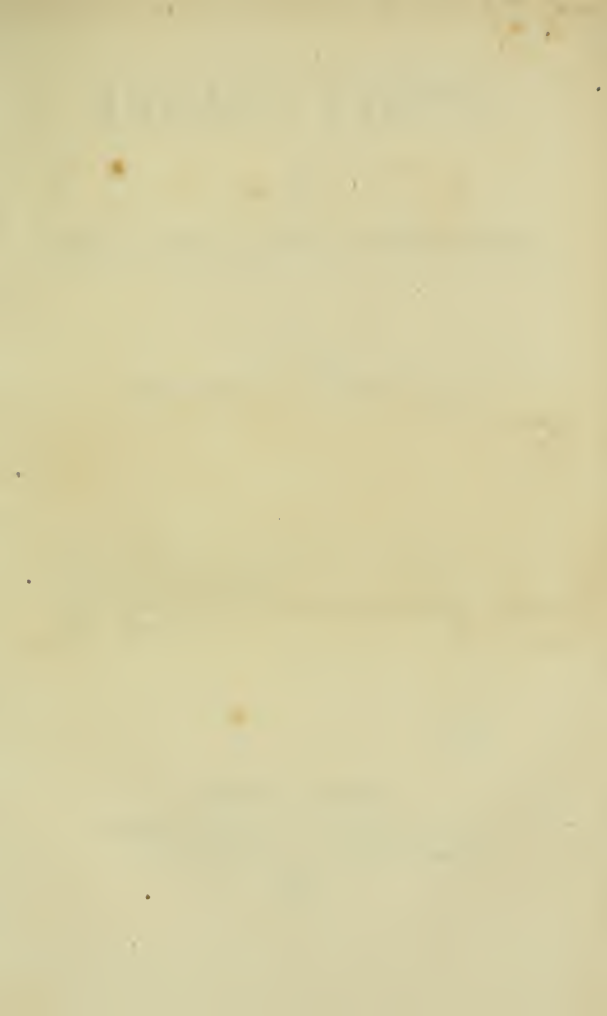
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INFANT PIETY:

A

BOOK FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY

BAPTIST W. NOEL, M.A.

“Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not ; for of such is the kingdom of God.”

“And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.”—MARK X. 14, 16.

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INFANT PIETY.

SOME THINGS WHICH LITTLE CHILDREN OUGHT TO KNOW.

WHEN you get up, my dear children, after a good sleep, strong and well, and put on your clothes, you feel ready to jump about and play. By and by you go out into the garden, you smell the sweet flowers, you see the blue sky, you feel the warm sun, you see the lambs run about, and hear the birds sing. You can run about like the lambs, and sing like the birds. The lambs and the birds are not more gay than you. When you are tired and come in, you learn to read or to sew ; and then you play again. When you are hungry you have plenty to eat. Kind friends take care of you, because you cannot take care of yourselves : and when night comes the birds go to their nests, the bees go to their hives, and you go to your nice

little beds. Who has made you so happy? Your parents take care of you, but God made both them and you. He made the flowers so sweet to please you. He made the birds sing, and the lambs to play. He makes the sun warm you. He gives you your sleep, your clothes, and your food. He makes you feel so happy all the day. Why has he given you so many things? Because he is good. He is with you every day, in every place. He knows what you think, what you speak, and what you do; and he loves to see a little child happy and good. Do you love him for being so good? When you feel so happy do you bless him for it? The birds and the lambs cannot bless him as you can; because they have no souls, and they cannot speak. It is your soul which thinks, and loves, and makes you speak. God gave you your soul that you may know him and love him. Your soul will never die. When your body dies, and is put into the grave, your soul will live in heaven or in hell. When the poor sheep die they die quite, because they have no souls. But you will still think, and feel, and love, when your body is dead. If

you love God, you will then be with him in heaven, which is a very happy place, where all good children are ; and where all are who loved the Lord when they were on earth : but if you do not love God, you will be put away from God into hell, a place of torment, where all bad children are, with the devil, and with all bad people. Now, my dear little children, unless God has changed your hearts you do not love him ; and I fear that you show this by many things. Do you love to think of him ? Do you praise him for all that you have ? Do you like to hear your parents speak to you of him ? Above all, do you like to do as he bids you in his word ? If not, then you have not loved him, though he gives you every thing which you have ; and what do you deserve for this ? Since you do not love him, he might be angry with you, and never bless you any more ; but take away all that he has given you ; and leave you without parents, without friends, without food or clothes, and without any hope of going to heaven. But God is so good and so kind, that instead of saying you should be unhappy for ever, he sent his dear Son Jesus

Christ to make you for ever happy. You deserve to suffer for your sins, but Jesus Christ came to suffer instead of you. He came down from heaven for you; he bore much pain for you; and at last wicked men put up a cross of wood, to which they nailed his hands and his feet, and left him to die. He might have killed those wicked men if he had pleased, and saved himself from the pain of that dreadful death: but he would not because he loved you, and because it was needful that he should bear the punishment which your sins deserved. So he died on the cross that you might not suffer in hell. You cannot save yourselves, but he can save you. God is pleased to pardon and to bless for his sake those sinners who believe in him. If you do not so trust him as to give yourselves up to his care, then God will punish you for all your other sins, and for not trusting in Christ. Then you will go to hell for ever; and for being so ungrateful to Christ, you will suffer more there than if he had never come to save you. Once there, you will never come out again, but you will be lost for ever. Because you are so wicked as

to refuse to come to Christ to save you, God can never have mercy upon you any more. You must live for ever with the devil and with his angels in hell fire. But if you own that you deserve the wrath of God ; if you trust in Jèsus Christ to save you ; and if you put yourself under his care, and will do what he bids you, then he will save you ; and God will bless you for his sake. Although your hearts are so wicked, that you have not loved God for all his goodness, yet instead of sending you to hell, he is willing to make you as happy as the angels are in heaven. Ask, therefore, God to change your hearts, that you may feel your guilt, fear his wrath, trust in Jesus, and give yourselves up to him from this time. Many little children have done so. God, by his Spirit, made them sorry for their sins, and led them to believe in Christ ; and when they did so, then they loved Christ for being so good to them ; then they read the Bible and prayed often in secret ; they feared to sin and they strove against it ; they loved good children, and did not like to be with bad ones ; they obeyed their parents : they tried to do every thing that was right :

they were patient when they were sick, and they did not fear to die. Faith in Christ would make you as pious as they were. You must be so, dear children, to go to heaven when you die, or to be happy while you live. And now, while you read about some of these children in this little book, pray to God, through Jesus Christ, to make you as pious and as happy as they were.

DAVID BROWN.*

THE sweet rose soon dies ; but every one loves it while it lasts. So little David Brown soon died ; but every one loved him while he lived, because God made him very good. His heart was at first bad, as the heart of every child is, but God changed it by his grace and gave him a new heart, and that made him very dear to his parents. When he did wrong he was very sad, and when his parents punished him he knew they did right, and only loved them for it. As he sat on his mother's knees he said to her, with a fond smile, "Mamma, you love me, but you don't love my naughty ways, so you punish my naughty ways." David loved to learn texts and hymns, because they made him know about God ; and he often asked his mother,

* He died January 16, 1834, aged four years and a half.

with tears, to teach him to read, though he was not five years old when he died. When he was out of doors he used to ask his mamma and papa so many things, about the trees and the flowers, the sheep and the birds, the sky and the clouds, and about all that he saw. Sometimes he said, "How good God is to teach the bird to make such a nice warm nest. God puts honey in the flowers for the poor bees, and teaches them how to get it. Why does God let the hawk kill poor robins? I dare say it is for good, else God would not let them. See what nice grass God makes grow for the sheep. I wonder why there are nettles; but I am sure it is for good, since God made them."

When the swallows went away he asked, "Where they were gone?" His brother Abner told him they were gone to Africa to be warm and to get food in winter. "But how do they know the way, and get over the great wide sea?" "God taught them to fly to Gibraltar, where the sea is narrow." "I wonder what they are seeing in Africa; I wish I was with them, they are all so nice and warm there." As some of the little birds were kill-

ed for eating the fruit, David, when he saw a little bird, would say, "Does that kind do harm?" and if he was told that it did not, he said, "O, I glad we need not shoot it then."

Once he said, "It is in God's book 'Love your neighbour as yourself,' what does it mean? I love every body, but I sure I do not love myself." His papa told him some things which he did, which showed he loved himself too well. Then he was sad, and said, "Why is it so, papa? I did not know I loved myself, I sure I did not mean *a* do it; I will try love every body as much as I love myself." Sometimes he jumped upon his papa's knee and said, "I love you, I love mamma, and brother and sister, I love every body, and every body loves me."

These three little children loved each other very much. Abner, who was four years older than David, loved to be with him, taught him, played with him, drew pictures for him, built his bricks, wiped his tears, and would give up any thing to him. David was never so happy as when he was with Abner, and often when by himself, would think what he could do to make Abby pleased. It was

sweet to see these three little things sit on one stool, Abby in the middle, with his arms round the necks of the other two, and to hear him tell them what he had read or heard.

David was also very fond of his parents. When he wanted to play, he would first say, "Dear papa, will it make your head ache more?" or if he wished to sing, he would say, "Dear mamma, can you bear me to sing my hymns now?" When his papa came home he used to say, "I sure you very tired, dear papa;" then he jumped upon his knee, threw his arms round his neck, and said, "Let me smudder (smother) you with kisses. Dear papa, you so very dear to me, me can't tell how dear you are." "But why do you love me?" "I love you, and you love me, and that makes me love you, and I can't tell you any more about it, only I love you, and I don't know why."

If at any time his mamma said to him in play, "You don't love me," he was very grave, and said, with a tear, "Please don't say so, mamma; me don't like you to say so; it not true, mamma; you know I love you twenty thousand loves." And if ever they did not

kiss him when he went to bed, he would say, "You should not forget to kiss me, because I love you so." When his father had been out for some hours, he came running to meet him, and said, "It is such a long time since I saw you, O! almost all day."

When Mrs. S., who lived in the village, lost three of her children, he said, "Why does God make poor Mrs. S.'s children die so fast? in summer she had four little children, and now she has three little graves and one little child; I hope God will comfort her." As he came from church he looked at those little graves, and said, "Mamma, you have got three little children and one little grave. I hope God won't make you have three little graves and one little child." A few days from that time, he and his brother Abner were laid in the grave near their little brother William. Other little children, full of joy and play, may die in a few days as they did: but Abner and David went to heaven, because they loved God.

Sometimes David heard of those poor heathen who bow down to idols, and do not know God; then he used to say, "Why does no-

body go to teach them about God's Bible? would they kill any body who went? I wish I was a man, to go and tell them about Jesus Christ."

As little David loved every body, so he was happy all the day. He liked to hear his parents talk to him; he liked to learn hymns and texts; he liked to pray; he liked to go to church; he liked to do as he was bid; he liked to run, and jump, and play. Often while he was at play, he ran up to his mother and said, "You can't think what many comforts God gives me; O such a many. God is so good. He gives me papa and mamma to love me and take care of me. O see what nice playthings God has given me. See what flowers God makes grow in the garden for me. God gives me all I have." As soon as he waked in the morning he said his hymns in his bed: he knew forty; he loved to sing them all the day, and when night came, he said, "How soon the day has passed."

David often thought of God. He used to say, "God is in this room; God is in this field; God is close beside us; God takes care of us all the day; God looks at my heart; God

sees what me thinking about ; if God pleased not to keep me, I should die this very minute ; God has kept me all the night."

One night, when his mother went out of the room, he said, "O mamma, let me come with you, it will be dark." The room was quite dark. But when his mother said, "Is not God in the dark?" he said, "O, I forgot," and then ran back and sat still till she came ; when he said, "See, God was in the dark all the while, and took care of me."

As he did not fear the dark, so he did not fear to die. But he often said, "We don't know how soon we may die." Sometimes he stood by the grave of his little brother, and said he was in heaven. And once, just before he was ill, he said, "When I die they will put my body in the grave, but I shall not be there ; I shall be in heaven." He said true. The soul will not die when the body dies, but will go to heaven or to hell ; and as God had given him a new heart, he could not go to hell.

But though David was a good and kind boy, he sometimes was in a passion, for which he was punished. How sad it is that we can-

not put away all sin, and only do what is right. But the punishment did him great good, and he grew more meek and patient.

Though David was full of play, he was never rude ; nor did he like to see any one cruel. He was angry with those cruel boys who took their nests from the poor birds, and said, "How should we like to be taken out of our warm beds and killed?" Some little boys will do wrong, and then tell a lie to hide it; but David was never known to tell a lie in his life, and he did not like liars.

Some little boys, if they were alone in the garden, and they saw a tree full of plumbs or of apples, they would take them, though they had been told not : but little David could be trusted alone in the garden, and would not touch the fruit ; or if he ever plucked one gooseberry, saying, "Me sure one won't make me ill," he always came and told that he had done so.

If he cut his finger he would say, "O, it not much, it soon better ; please put balsam on it ; it only 'marts a little ; it can't make it well unless it 'marts ; it soon be better." Is not that much better than crying about it ?

It is best for a little boy not to play with knives ; but if he does cut his finger, he should bear it as David did.

Jesus Christ when he was on earth fed a great many persons with five loaves of bread, because he was God as well as man, and could make a little bread grow into a great deal ; but when they had had enough, he told them to gather up the bits that were left. This David knew, and did not like any waste. When he saw the servant brush away a piece of bread, he would say, " Pick up that, since Jesus said, ' Let nothing be lost.' " If he saw any thing thrown away, he used to say, " God gave it to us, so we must not waste it." How unlike him are those children who throw away bread, break their playthings, tear their books, and spoil their clothes. What was better still, this little boy loved the Saviour. He used to say, " Jesa Christ love us, I sure ne does, 'cause he died on the cross for us. I wish I could believe on him ; I will pray to him to make me believe on him : will he hear me ? " The day he was taken ill, he jumped up from his playthings, climbed on his father's knee, put his arms round his neck, and said,

“I love Jesa Christ, Jesa Christ loves me.” He had good cause to love Jesus Christ. He is now in heaven ; and if Jesus had not loved him, and died for him, he would have been in hell. Jesus did a great deal more for him than his papa or his mamma could do. Jesus is the best friend of a little child. Every little child should think how good and kind the Lord Jesus is, and like David, should ask God for grace to love him.

David was not like those children who care little about their sins. When he had done wrong, he could not be happy very soon. After he had been forgiven by his parents he would still look so sad, at last he would run to them and say, “I so sorry, I sorry, O I sorry,” and then he was happy again. But what made him ever sin ? It was that his heart was at first wicked ; this makes all children do wrong. And they will still do wrong, unless God gives them a new heart. They should try to leave off each sin, and do all that is right in the sight of God ; but they should still more pray him to make their hearts good ; for if once their hearts are good, they will do what is right. Yet even then the devil will

tempt them to sin. Though David's heart was changed, still it was not free from all sin. But whenever it made him do wrong he was sorry for it. Often he said, "How I wish I had no naughty heart. We shall have no naughty heart in heaven, mamma. I wish God would take all my naughty heart away ; I wish he would."

But his heart was made good, though still some sin remained. For he loved texts and hymns, and was always saying them to himself ; he loved the Sabbath, and he loved prayer. And when God has made a little child hate sin, and love these good things, we may know that he has made him love the Saviour too. Often also David talked of heaven, thus : " They will be singing hymns always in heaven. Can Satan get at us in heaven ? I hope God won't let him. When we get to heaven we shall have no naughty hearts. We shall never be sick in heaven." These thoughts came into his mind at all times. When he was walking with his brother and sister, one of them said, " It is time to turn home ;" on which he said, " Sissa, don't you know we've got no home only heaven ?"

We cannot stay long in our home on earth but we need not mind, if we have such a happy home above. David very soon went from his home on earth ; but God was ready to receive him into heaven. Why should we grieve for him? I hope we shall be soon where he is.

One Thursday he was at play in the garden, and there came a thick fog. When he came into the house he had a sore throat, the next day he was very ill, and then he died. But he was not afraid, because God was with him. One of his last prayers was this : "God bless me ; make me a good boy ; give me a new heart ; forgive me my sins : fill me full of love ; make me love Jesa Christ ; wash away my sins in Jesus' blood ; put thy Holy Spirit into my heart ; take away my naughty heart ; make me to do as I am bid ; make me not unkind, nor idle, nor selfish ; make me a true child ; make me do the same, when papa and mamma do not see me, as when they do ; make me ready to die when thou shalt be pleased to call me ; take care of me all this day ; take me to heaven when I die, for Christ's sake. Amen."

God has heard his prayer, and he is now safe. His body lies in the grave, but he is with God. Will you not try and pray, dear children, that you may be as happy and as good as he was ?

LOUISA WOODE MORTLOCK.*

LOUISA MORTLOCK was an affectionate little girl, and very fond of truth. She was sometimes self-willed, and did not like to obey; but this was only till she was four years old. After that she did what her parents wished; and when they showed her what was wrong in what she said or in what she did, she tried not to say it again or not to do it again. She was afraid of sinning against God; and it made her very sorry to be told that she was not like the Saviour. When she was four years and a half old she had an illness, and it made her fretful. Her mother then said to her, "This is wrong: how many comforts you have in illness, which many poor children have not!" This made her burst into tears, and say, "I did not know it was a

* She was born July 10, 1810, and died May 8, 1820.

sin ; pray that God will forgive it, and that I may be more patient, and more like the Saviour." After this she was more careful about her temper. When she was five years old she could read very well, and learned many verses of the Bible without being told to do so. At family prayer and at public worship she did not look about her, but was quiet and thoughtful.

Before she was six years old she began to read the Bible by herself in private ; and used to speak about what she read. Silly books did not please her ; but she loved to read the Bible, the History of England, Hymns for Infant Minds, and other useful books. Yet she was lively, cheerful, and fond of playing with her little friends. God loves us to be happy ; and he has made little children to be fond of play, as well as to take delight in knowing and serving him.

But though she was a sweet little girl, so dear to her parents, and so happy, she was not to live long on earth. Before she was seven years old she had the measles ; and after that she was never quite well again. God took away her health ; but he gave her

his grace, which was much better; and this made her patient and willing to die. One day her mother told her that perhaps she would never get well :—this did not frighten her; for she only said, “Well, God knows what is best for me; I hope, if I should not recover, that I shall go to heaven.” When children know, like her, that God takes care of them, nothing can frighten them, and nothing can make them fret.

Some time after this her aunt died, whom she loved very much. This also made her think more about dying, and she said to her mother, “I hope God will make me fit to go to heaven, and then I shall see my dear aunt again.” How good it is in God to let us hope to see each other again after death. Parents and children, brothers and sisters, are taken from each other by death; and for a little while they feel sad to be left alone; but if they love the Lord, they will all be happy together in heaven, and will never part any more.

As she grew worse in health she grew more pious. One day before she was eight years old, when her mother asked her how

she was, she said, "Sin is my worst complaint: when I pray my heart is full of vain thoughts. I do not think I can say 'Thy will be done.' I wish to get well and play about, and I do not feel quite willing to suffer pain." Yet sometimes she said she felt willing even to suffer. And she added, "I often pray that God will pardon my sins and make me holy; but my sins are so many. Will Christ forgive me?" And then she burst into tears. God loves little children to be sorry for their sins; and those who feel them the most are almost always the best children. To think little of our sins does not show that we are good, but that we are proud. One day, when the first chapter of the first Epistle of Peter was read to her, she liked it so much that she begged it might be read to her every day; and she very soon could say it by heart.

When she was eight, she got a little better; and then she wished to begin her lessons again, saying, "If I should recover, it will be a sad thing to have lost so much time." But she had not strength to learn much herself, and therefore, to be useful, she

had a few poor children brought to her, heard them read the Bible, and asked them questions on what they read. It was a pretty sight to see that little girl of eight years old, trying to teach other little children the way to heaven. For some time after this she had great fears about her state. She felt deeply her sins; she was not as holy as she wished to be; and she was afraid that it was the thought of death which made her care about being good, and that she was not truly pious. But at length God gave her more faith; she could believe his promises and trust his goodness. She still grew worse in health, and did not expect ever to recover. But she hoped to be blessed after death; and said, "I trust, through the merit of Christ, I shall be pardoned, accepted, and taken to heaven: there all is well, no weary body, no sinful soul." Another day, after speaking of the love of God and of Christ, and of the goodness of God the Holy Spirit in drawing sinners to seek God, she said, "I am much happier now than when I was well and used to play about; play amuses us, but one verse of Scripture gives more real pleasure than any of those amuse-

ments." Another day she said, "How we ought to love the Redeemer! By dying he took away the sting of death, and is gone to prepare a place for us. Sin is our greatest enemy, but it will never enter heaven. When we are made meet the Lord will take us to glory." And when a friend said to her, "How shall we enter heaven?" she said, "Through the merit of Christ; he came to save sinners like me. I do not mean that there will ever be any thing in us to merit heaven, but only that we shall be more fit to enjoy heaven."

Another day she said to her sister, "Dearest Mary, I fear you are not much concerned about the salvation of your soul. O, how I pray and wish that you and all my dear cousins, may learn to love and serve God; then you will be happy, whether you live or die."

After this she was patient, and quite willing to die. She said that all her hope was in Jesus, and asked her mother to pray that she might soon go. She urged her cousins to seek God. She was thankful for all the comforts she had in her illness, and said that she could lie on her bed and think on many

chapters and verses of Scripture which she had learned by heart. One day she said to her sister, "Dear Mary, the hope of glory, through the blood of Christ, makes me happy ;" and the next day she added, "The first part of my illness I could not bear to think I should not recover. I was afraid my sins were not pardoned, and that I should not go to heaven. But as I have grown worse in body, I have understood more of the love and grace of Jesus Christ, and now I have no fear."

One day her grandfather said to her, "How long, my dear child, have you had such serious thoughts?" She answered, "When I was about five years old I used to think a great deal about God, and then I used to pray to God to give me his grace." "And what prayers did you use?" "I often used my own words, and I was very fond of your little prayer printed on a card." Another day she said to her mother she had been thinking of the bliss of heaven, and added, "It is to see Christ, to love him, to praise him for his love to sinners : and here on earth, to hope in Christ for pardon, to submit to his guidance,

and to praise him for his grace, is heaven begun."

In this sweet way she spoke often for many days. She spent much time in prayer: she mourned for her want of faith and love, but rested on Christ and felt no fear of death. As she believed in the love of Christ she wished to die, but at the same time was willing to stay on earth as long as God pleased. When her maid and her sister cried, because they saw her so thin and weak, she told them not to cry; and she looked on with joy to the time when her dear mother would come after her to heaven. In this calm state she died. Her last words were, "I am very happy." She then laid her little head upon her mother's shoulder, who was nursing her, and, without one sigh or struggle, her spirit went to God. She was only nine years and ten months old when she died; but she had lived long enough to be made fit for heaven, through faith in Christ, and death was to her gain.

ANNIE T,*

LITTLE ANNIE was fair and rosy, with blue eyes, and light hair that curled over her large high forehead. How sweet she looked to her parents! But like those fair, bright clouds which we see edged with gold at sunset, she was soon to lose her bright eyes and her rosy colour. Yet, her parents could, even then, think of her with joy; for, though her body turned to dust, her soul went up to God.

When she was a little baby she sat on her mother's knee at the time of family prayer, and was taught to sit still and quiet. Her father always read the Bible and prayed before breakfast; but one day, when he had been very busy, he was going to breakfast

* She was born Nov. 14, 1831, and died March 5, 1835, aged three years and three months.

without reading. Annie, who was a little more than a year old, did not like them not to read ; so she put out her hand to stop him, and said, "Ather, ather (father, father) no, no." Her mother did not at first know what she meant, and said, "What do you want, Annie?" Annie then looked up at the shelf where the Bible lay. Her father then said, "Is it the Bible, Annie?" "Is, is," she said, and clapped her little hands, because her father knew what she meant. This made her father take down the Bible and read, while the little girl sat to listen, with her hands clasped as usual.

Before she was two years old she came to her father one day and said, "Poor mother very poorly!" "Yes, Annie," said her father, "and father very poorly too." This made the dear little child burst into tears ; and, as he was lying down, she ran to fetch a cushion, and she put it under his head. Another time she saw a boy who had only one eye ; instead of laughing at him, as some wicked children would do, she was so sorry for him, and, coming to her father, she lisped out, "Poor boy, ather ! poor boy !"

Another thing which made her parents love her very much was, that she seemed to have no self-will at all. Whatever she was told to do she did, without a cross word ; without a sullen look, without a murmur, without a tear. She liked to walk out with her nurse : and one day her nurse, to try her temper, put on her bonnet and tippet, and, when she was full of joy at the thought of going out, took them off again, and said she must not go. Dear little Annie did not fret in the least. Another day, when she had a bunch of grapes in her hand, of which she was very fond, her father, who wished to see what she would do, asked her to give him one. She picked one off, and said, " Here, father, here." He asked for another, and she picked it off, and said, " Here, father." Then he asked another, and another, till she picked them all off, without leaving one for herself, and then threw the stalk away, without one tear, and without one complaint. I do not doubt that her father gave her another bunch of grapes, or something better, when he saw that she was so kind. Another time she had several oranges given to her, and though she liked them

much, she gave them all away : indeed she was ever ready to part with all that she had.

Her mother had spoken to her of the love of Jesus Christ, and of the goodness of God, our heavenly Father ; and often she heard this little girl, when alone, singing to herself, " Jesus, Jesus ! our Father, our Father !" and if she heard any silly nursery rhyme sung, she would say, " No, no ; Jesus, Jesus !" She meant, that she liked much better to hear of him, than of that nonsense which people sometimes speak to little children.

If her little brother, who was more light than she was, did not sit still at prayer-time, she used to say to him, as soon as the prayer was finished, " Naughty boy, naughty boy !" Besides joining in the family prayer, she liked to follow her father, if ever she saw him go into his room to pray. She then sat still by his side, when he read the Bible ; and when he knelt down to pray, she knelt near him till he rose from his knees. Often, too, she was found on her knees by herself, up-stairs ; and once, having been left *some hours* by herself alone, through the neglect of a person who was then taking care of her, instead of cry-

ing and fretting to be alone, she was found upon her knees, and seemed as happy as if she had been playing all the while with her little brother.

When she was ill, she took, without complaint, the medicine which they gave her; and though the blisters made her sore, she did not fret about them. When one blister had to be taken off, and the place was very sore, her mother could not bear to pain her, and asked her father to take it off; but he also knew how much it must hurt her, and he could not bear to do it. While they were both afraid to do it, Annie saw what they felt, and taking hold of the edge of the blister, tore it off at once, and said, "There, mother!" She was then only three years old. Though she was so very young, I cannot but think that God had given to her his grace; for, while all she did and said was so good, she seemed, above all things, to love the Lord Jesus Christ. When she was obliged to keep in her room, her father used daily to come and pray with her; but one day, being busy, he did not come at the right time. She had been watching for him, and said, "Mother, father has not been

up to prayer." When he came, he said to her, "What do you wish for?" "Pray—read," she answered. "What shall we read about?" "Jesus Christ." Three days before her death she called her parents up at three o'clock in the morning, calling out, "Sing Jesus!" and when they ceased, she said, "More, more of Jesus!"

The morning before her death, when a lady whom she much loved, came in to see her, she said to her, "Sing; sing Jesus!" The lady asked whether she thought she was going to him. "Yes; quick," she answered. An hour before her death she called for her father; and when he came, she fixed her eyes upon him, and said, "Jesus, Jesus." He read to her a hymn respecting the Saviour, and shortly afterwards she died, being only three years and three months old. When her parents pass by her grave, as they go to church, they think that their little darling is safe and blessed, and it comforts them in their grief.

JAMES BUDGE JONES.*



JAMES JONES was a pious little boy, who feared and loved God when he was very young. God is so good to us that we ought to love him. He gives us all that we have; he takes care of us night and day; he keeps us from being sick; he sent his Son Jesus Christ to save us from hell; and we cannot love him too much. The thought of these things made little James, when he was about four years old, throw his arms round his father's neck and kiss him, and say, "I love you, father, and I love God; and when I go to heaven I will kiss him too." A little child cannot kiss God, because God is a Spirit, who has not a body as we have; and little James knew this when he was older. But though

* He was born May 17, 1817, and died May 26, 1826, aged nine years.

he did not at this time know every thing about God, still he could love him for his goodness. As he loved God, so he loved to think of heaven, where pious children see the Saviour face to face. One day, when he saw a sea-gull rise out of the sea, spread out its wings, and soar up to the sky, "Look, look," he said, "Brother William, when I die I shall fly up to heaven like that bird." But children cannot go to heaven unless they are first made fit to go there. Little James could never fly up to heaven as that sea-gull flew up to the sky, unless he learned to be sorry for sin, to trust in Christ, to do the will of God, and to pray often for his grace. But all this he learned. When he once forgot to pray in the morning, he could not be quite happy through all the day; and when he was ill he often begged his father to pray with him, and said he could not be comfortable without it.

His fear of God made him love to do right. If his father told him to do any thing, he did it. If he was told not to speak of any thing which he heard, he never spoke of it. If he was sent with any message, he took care to say nothing but what he was told to say, and

he was never known by his father to tell one lie. The longer he lived the more he loved God: and at last he had such joy in God as very few older Christians have; which made him say to his parents, "I am so happy, I know not what to do; God has done so much for me: the day of my death will be happier than the day of my birth: God loves me and has pardoned all my sins: who would have thought that God would be so kind to such a little boy as I am! I am happy, I am very happy!" And so he passed away into glory to be with Jesus Christ, in whom he trusted, when he was only nine years and nine days old.

LITTLE NANNETTE.*

LITTLE NANNETTE was only three years old when she loved to think of God, and to hear of Jesus Christ. As she walked by her mother's side she used to say, "God made those flowers and trees;" and when she looked up to the stars in the sky and to the bright moon, she used to say, "God made them." When she heard that the Lord Jesus Christ died upon the cross to save us from hell, she said to her mother, "I will love him and try to serve him." Perhaps it was this wish that made her pray; for before she was four years old she often left her play in the house or in the garden that she might kneel down and pray. And though at first she could not say much, she soon learned to pray about every thing; and thought that God would give her,

* She died July 9, 1819.

for Christ's sake, all that she asked for, if it was good for her. And so he will to every little child who prays, for Jesus has said, "If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it." Nothing pleased her so much as to hear her mother tell her about God; and when they were quite alone she used to say, "Come now, mamma, we shall be so happy, and talk of God." And when others did not talk of him, she loved to think of him, and often said, when any thing made her happy or pleased her, "O how good the Lord is."

Like other pious children, she was very fond of her parents. When her father was away she counted the hours till he would come back; and if he stayed away beyond her bedtime, she sometimes left a little letter to be given to him. When her mother went from home, Nannette always said, "Good bye, mamma, God bless you and take care of you, and bring you safe home." When her mother was gone she often prayed that God would bring her back soon, and when her mother came home, she was almost always watching for her. Once her mother was very ill, and little Nannette could not see her very often.

This she was very sorry for, yet when she did come into her mother's room, and was put upon her bed, and had given her many kisses, and wished so much to stay, still she said, "I had better go now, mamma, I am afraid of tiring you." As she was so good a child, through the grace of God, this made her happy. She loved to jump, and run, and play, and climb with her brother; and often she made her father put her in the cherry tree, where she loved to sit like a little squirrel, perched among the boughs. Yet though God made her so happy, she could feel for others. When it rained, or when it was cold, she used to grieve to think how many had not got a nice warm home as she had; and if she saw any child half naked, she would take some of her clothes to her mother, and beg that she might give them to the poor child. God loves us to feel for the poor, and to give them what we can spare, instead of wasting it on toys and trash.

Before she was four years old, she began to pray daily in the middle of the day, as well as morning and night; and from the age of three she always wished to have a psalm read,

or a hymn sung to her, after she was in bed. Before she was five, she had the measles, and they left her weak and thin, so that she could not jump and play as she did before. Six months after this came the whooping-cough, and that made her much worse,—but she still grew in grace. How sweet it must have been to her mother to hear her say, “You know, mamma, it is the will of God: we can’t help it, and must bear it as well as we can.” She did not like medicine, but she prayed God to help her to take it like a good child, and to bless it to her, and then she took it.

She had now lost all her strength, and could not play or laugh as she once had done; her brother could not amuse her now, nor could her playthings: yet she was happy, because she loved to pray and read the Bible, and sing hymns, more than she had ever loved her play-things or her games. When she sung any hymn she often put words of her own, besides those which were in the hymn. One day the curtain was drawn between her and her mother, so that her mother could write down what she sung without being seen. In a sweet, loud voice this dear child then sung

thus her own thoughts of praise, "Serve the Lord, all ye people : praise him for the Saviour : you would have gone to hell if he had not died for you on the cross. O, Jesus—O, Jesus, come for me, bless, and take me. O, Jesus, my Lord, let me to thy bosom fly. It would be the happiest place I could be in, to praise the Lord for ever. O, my Saviour, come and take me to thy dwelling ! O thou who canst save every one from sin who cleaves to thee !"

Often, too, she said to her mother, "How I long to see God ! O, if I could see Jesus Christ, for I feel to love him very much, the way I love you, mamma. Do you think he will let me lay my head in his bosom, the way I sit with you ?" Often she wished to die, that she might be with him. And when her father said, "Should you like to leave mamma and me to go ?" she burst into tears at the thought of leaving them, but still she said, "Yes." She loved her father so much, that she could not bear him to be long away. If her mother was away from her for a few minutes, she wished her to come back ; if the curtain hid her, she wished her to come round

to the other side of the bed, that she might always see her; she loved to hold her mother's hands, and to kiss them; yet when they asked her whether she was willing to go to Jesus, she said, "Yes." She loved her parents and her home on earth much, but she loved the Saviour and her home in heaven more. Heaven is happier than earth. She was very fond of hymns, and said them over and over to herself whilst she was at her play or at work. Often her mother saw her, when she did not know that any one was looking at her, lift up her eyes to heaven, and sing in her own words, "O, Lord, my God, my Father." Often, too, when she was too weak to kneel, she sat in her mother's lap, and prayed for herself, for her brother, for her family, and for the heathen. She was a very little girl, and her prayers were very simple; but God loves to hear even little children pray. Some of her words which her mother wrote down were these,—“O, Lord, my God, my Father, I am not good enough to call thee Father, yet thou wilt make me complete in Christ Jesus, and hast a crown for me. O my God, bless my brothers; may they have crowns: let

there be a crown for my mother. O my God, thou art a long suffering God. Make me meek and holy like the gentle Lamb of God in heaven."

While she was so ill, her little brother Pendock, whom she dearly loved, caught the whooping-cough, and died. Nannette was asleep when he died. As soon as she woke she said, "Mamma, Penny is not here." "No, love." Then she added, "Penny is taking a long sleep." "A very long one, my love." At length she said, "May be he is gone to heaven." She was then told that he was gone there. His spirit was gone to be with Christ, but his little body lay cold and stiff on the bed where he used to sleep. Nannette wished to see him, and when she saw his sweet little face among the flowers which were strewn over him, she only smiled. Why did she smile? She had said to her mother before, "We shall all soon follow him," and I think she smiled because she hoped soon to be with him in heaven. That night she told her mother, she was twice going to be sorry for him, but that she would not let herself.

It was not long before she followed him as

she had said. Every day she grew more thin and weak, and her mother told her she would soon be in heaven. It did not make her sad to think that she must die ; but she said, “ O. I am glad of it, there is no more pain or sorrow there.” In that blessed place she now is, with Jesus Christ, and with other pious children who loved him as she did : and we must get ready to go there too. She was only five years and five months old when she died. And if you dear children, are older than that, you ought to know the Saviour better than she did, and to love him better.

LITTLE ELIZABETH.*

ELIZABETH was a little girl who was very fond of knowledge. When she was only five years old she had a chilblain so bad that she could not put her foot to the ground, and was forced to sit on the sofa nearly all day long ; but she was able to please herself with her little books all the day. Her aunt, who then saw her, could not but love her for being so patient, and so good tempered. The next year, when her aunt was again staying in the house, she came almost every day into her room with the Bible, to read some chapters to her ; and when her aunt said, " You are very fond of your Bible," she pressed it to her bosom, and said, " My dear, dear Bible ; how I love you !" She loved other books well : but

* She was born September 16, 1814 and died April 25, 1823.

she loved the word of God best of all. One day, she and her sister being left with another aunt who was sick, they did all that they could to amuse her. At length Bessy went for a book, and came back saying, "Now I think I shall amuse you; indeed I am sure I shall. This is such a pretty book!" Little children should always try in this way to please others, and not think too much about themselves. Though she was very young, yet she showed, in many ways, that God had given her a new heart. It was her delight to talk of heaven. One day she came to her mother, and said, "Oh, mamma! only think what Louisa says! She would not wish to be in heaven, because there are no dolls there!" "And what did you say to her?" "I told her, mamma, that we should want no doll, nor any thing else in heaven; for we should be always praising God there." She could not bear that any one should break the Sabbath; and when she saw, one Sunday, the boys of the village sliding on the ice, she said to her mother, "Oh, what a shame it is for those boys to play and idle on the Sabbath instead of reading their Bibles!" She her-

self loved the Sabbath, and she loved to go to the house of God. As she could not bear to see the Sabbath broken, so she did not like the name of God to be taken in vain. She had a little French book, with pretty stories, of which she was very fond; but the name of God was sometimes used lightly in it, which made her so angry, that she brought a pen and ink to her mother, that she might blot out the places where it was so used, and said, "I am sure it was not a good man who wrote this book; a believer in Jesus would not have done so."

For so young a child she read a great deal, and among other things, she read about the Faquirs in India. These are heathens, who do not know God, and who to please, as they think, their wicked gods, cover themselves with dirt; or stand on one leg for two or three years; or hold up their arm till it grows stiff, so that they cannot put it down again; or sit in the blazing sun between hot fires. When she read of these Faquirs she used to say, that if they knew any thing of the Gospel they would not do so, for it could never do them any good. If ever she read of any per-

son in a book, she used to say, "Mamma, was he a good man? Did he believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?" This it was her own chief desire to do. One day, she said to her mother, "How I wish to love God more, and to pray to him more! but my own wicked heart and the devil won't let me." Though she said the devil would not let her be good, she knew that the power of Satan is no excuse for our being wicked; for she added, "You know, mamma, if our hearts were not evil we should never mind the devil; he could not succeed against us." The devil cannot make us wicked; he can only tempt us to do evil; so that we ought not to give way to him. And Bessy did not give way to him; for though she mourned that she could not pray as she ought, yet she prayed much more than many little girls. Often she went to pray alone, and sometimes she took with her her little sister that they might pray together. At these times, as she told her mother, she prayed in secret that God would give her a new heart, and would make her a good girl: and always she prayed in the name of Christ, because, as she said, her prayers could only be

heard through him. But why did this little girl, who prayed so much more than others of her own age, mourn that she did not pray enough? It is because the best people are always the most humble; and the more they love and serve God, the more they know that he ought to be loved and served much better.

As little Bessy was humble, so she was very kind. When her mother was ill in bed in winter, and the room was cold, she used to leave her play-fellows in the warm room, and creep up softly to the bed-side, with the Bible in her hand, and say, "Mamma, will you let me stay with you? Can I do any thing for you? Shall I read you a chapter in the Bible?" There are many little children who would much rather play in the warm room, than read the Bible to their sick parent in the cold one: but God had made little Bessy his own child.

She was very fond of reading, and read a great deal for her age, both English and French; but what she liked to read best was the account of our Saviour's sufferings: these often made her cry; and, as she loved our

Saviour for his kindness when she was on earth, how much better she loves him now she is with him in heaven! Though she at first feared the dark, yet, as she knew God was in the dark as well as in the light, she lost all her fear, and said one day to her mother, "How foolish it is of Louisa to mind being in the dark! I never mind it now. Sure God can watch over us, whether it is light or not."

Once, like other children, she and her sister had a little quarrel; but she put an end to it by saying to her sister, "You know that we ought to love as brethren." God has said this in his word; and she wished to do as God had said she ought.

Once also she and her little sister had done something which was wrong; but when her mother told her how wrong it was, she was not sullen about it. She did not say, I do not care about being punished; nor did she deny that she had done wrong; but she was sorry for her fault, and said to her mother, "Dear mamma, we are like the rebellious children of Israel, who did evil *again* in the sight of the Lord." How sweet it is to see

little children sorry for their faults, and to hear them meekly confess that they have done wrong !

As she took pains not to grieve her mother by being naughty, so she loved to comfort her when she saw her grieved by any thing else. If ever she saw her mother weep, she began to weep too, and would put her little arms round her neck, and tell her not to cry.

But though this dear little girl was so good and so kind, yet, like some other good little children, she was very soon taken away from her parents, who loved her so fondly. It pleased God, who is good, and who knows what is best, to let her die when she was very young. She was a strong and healthy little girl : but first she had the measles, and, when she was well again, then she caught the whooping-cough, and of that she died. A little girl may be playing one day, with a rosy cheek and bright eyes, laughing and running over the whole house, and, in a week from that time may be cold, and stiff, and dead. I have known some children die so ; but if children trust in Jesus, and love him, and try to do his will, they will go to be with him

when they die ; and so, I doubt not, little Bessy did.

When she was ill she wished her father, who was very dear to her, to stay with her always ; but when night came she did not like him to sit up with her, lest he should be tired. So she begged him to go to his own bed ; and when he would not go, because his dear little child was so ill, then she made him lie down at the foot of her bed ; for she would not have him tire himself by sitting up all night. When the day came, and she was very ill, and in great pain, she took her father's hand and kissed it, and would not let it go ; and when he spoke to her about the pain which Jesus had borne for us, it made her very quiet ; and, though there were drops of sweat upon her face, she only said, " My dear Saviour sweated great drops of blood !"

As her father at this time thought that she might die, he wished to hear her say how she hoped to be saved ; and this made him ask her some questions, to which she gave the following answers :

" Why ought we to love God ?"

“Because he is a Father to us, and sent his Son into the world.”

“Why did he send his Son into the world?”

“To save sinners.”

“How did he save them?”

“By dying as a sacrifice for them.”

“What do you mean by his dying as a sacrifice?”

“He was slain in the room of those who deserve to be punished.”

“Why was it necessary that he should die for us?”

“Because of the fall, papa.”

“How do we receive salvation?”

“Through faith.”

“When do we obtain faith?”

“When we are born again by the Spirit.”

Her father was glad to see that she knew so well the way in which sinners are saved; and he was now going to stop, for it was in the middle of the night, and he would not tire her. But she would not let him stop, begging him to tell her more about Christ; and when he was going again to stop, she said, “Go on, dear papa! go on!” nor would she let him cease till she was quite tired, and fell into a

short sleep. Did she not seem getting ready to go into that world where they see the Saviour face to face, and are never tired of loving and praising him ?

All through her illness she loved her father to read to her the Bible, and to talk to her about it. Her knowledge of it was very great. She had learned by heart the whole of the four Gospels, and had said three of them twice over. She had translated to her mother the whole of the book of Psalms in French, had learned many of them by heart, and had read much of the French Bible besides. She had also read over many other good books.

While she was so fond of reading the Bible, and learning it, she wanted to learn every thing else. She knew something about plants and flowers, and used often to talk about them to the gardener, who said, after her death, "I wonder my master and mistress ever expected Miss Bessy to live. She was too wonderful a child. I learned more from her when she has been walking in the garden, on all subjects, than I ever did from any one else in my life." But the gardener was not wise to

say that this made it likely she would die ; because good and wise children are just as likely to live, when they are healthy and strong, as any others ; and any child may die of the whooping-cough. God was pleased to take little Bessy away, or she might have been alive at this day.

Besides reading and asking about flowers, she was also fond of learning about birds and insects, and often came with stories about them to her papa, who loved to hear them. Thus she liked to read about many things. But, whatever she read about, it was a pleasure to teach her, because she was so thankful and kind. One day her mother, who was weak, was bending over a large map, to show her the places, when she said, " Dear mamma, I know every place quite well, you need not bend over these large maps : I will point out every spot with my finger." Who would not love to teach any lesson to such a child ?

When she was ill she read the life of little Nannette, and said, " Papa, what a good child little Nannette was ! How well she used to take her medicine !" How glad her papa must have been when he heard her praise

Nannette, to see her just as pious and just as patient ! All through her illness she never murmured and was never cross ; but when she was in great pain she would begin to pray, or ask her father to pray for her ; and this helped her to bear it. As long as she could she took her bitter medicines as well as Nannette did ; and when, at last, she could scarcely swallow any thing, she would meekly say, " Really, dear papa, I would take it if I could ; but I can take nothing now." Not being able to eat any thing, with a dreadful cough, she grew worse and worse. Her parents could only pity her, and pray for her. At length the last hour came. The dreadful cough tore her poor chest : she could not speak. All she could do, while her father in agony of heart, kissed her dear lips again and again, was to falter out faintly, " Papa, mamma." These were the last words she spoke, and then their darling child lay still in death.

Eight years and seven months were all that she had lived with her parents upon earth ; but she will live for ever and ever with them in heaven, and this cheered them in their loss.

As they stood over her coffin, and saw her

sweet face among the flowers which were put around it ; so pale, so cold, so still, they could think, "She will rise again to die no more ; she will never suffer any more pain ; she is with the Redeemer ; we shall soon see her again : " and this thought could make them bless God in their sorrow. Should your pious parents, my dear children, ever see you put into the coffin, will they be able to bless God for your happiness in heaven ? O, if you ever made a prayer in your lives, go now and pray earnestly to God that he will prepare you for heaven, as he prepared little Bessy ; that you may love him as she loved him ; and be to your parents as great a joy as she was to her's.

PHŒBE BARTLETT.*

WHEN Phœbe Bartlett was about four years old, her brother, who was a pious boy, seven years older than her, talked to her about being saved. This made little Phœbe pray very much to God to save her. Some other little children say a short prayer with their lips every morning and every night; but she prayed from her heart, alone in her room, three times a day. She so much wished God to save her, that she could not help praying. One day her mother heard her pray very loud in her room: she could not help praying loud, because she was so much afraid that she would not be saved. This was her prayer: "Pray, blessed Lord, give me salvation I pray, beg, pardon all my sins." When she came out of

* Of Northampton, Massachusetts, was born March, 1731, and lived till March 30, 1789.

the room she still was crying, because she was afraid she should go to hell. Her mother tried to comfort her: but she could not. She then went back again to her room to pray, and there asked God very often to save her. At length when her mother, who had been called away from home, came back, Phœbe met her with a happy smile, and said, "I can find God now." "I love God better than any thing." "I was afraid of going to hell, but now I shall not." She now began to wish very much that her sisters might be saved. When her mother was telling Abigail to prepare to die, Phœbe began to cry, and said, "Poor Nabby." Then when she saw Eunice and Naomi, she could not help crying again, and said, "Poor Eunice, poor Ami." And when she was asked why she cried, she said, "She was afraid they would go to hell." The next three days she also sought God with all her heart; but tried to hide from every one the tears which often ran down her cheeks.

From that time she lived like a child of God. She sat still at family prayers, and listened to what was read; she took delight in hearing others speak about God; and she

loved the Sabbath-day, because then she went to hear her minister preach. She had also a great dread of sin; she wished to see others saved; she was kind to the poor; she loved to pray by herself; and though sometimes she was afraid of not being saved, she had at other times much hope and much peace.

One day she went with her sisters to a plumb-tree in an orchard, and took some plumbs, not knowing that she ought not: when she brought them into the house, her mother told her that to take the plumbs of another person, without leave, was sin, and that God had said she must not steal, she cried out with tears, "I won't have these plumbs." Then she said to her sister Eunice, "Why did you ask me to go to that plumb-tree? I should not have gone if you had not asked me." The other children did not seem to care much about the sin, but she went on crying about it, and said she would not go again if Eunice asked her a hundred times. After which, for some time, she could not bear that fruit, though she had liked it before.

Sometimes she talked to her sisters about

God ; and one day she said to her mother, that she had been telling Nabby and Eunice they must pray and prepare to die ; that they had but a little while to live, and that they must be always ready. Soon after, her mother asked Abigail whether she had said that to them ; and Abigail told her that she said that, and a great deal more. Another day she begged her mother very much to go and pray with Naomi.

Once when she heard that a poor man had lost a cow, she ran to her father and begged him to give the man a cow ; and when her father said that they could not spare one, she begged that the poor man might come and live at their house. From that time this little girl showed by her words and acts that she was a child of God, and lived to love and serve him above fifty years before she died.

JOHN MOONEY MEAD.*

JOHN MOONEY MEAD, like other little boys, soon showed that his heart was wicked, and that he needed the grace of God, for when he was a little more than a year old he would not obey his father. His father was very sorry to hurt him, because he loved him very much; but he would not let him do wrong; and therefore he whipped him. Still John would not obey. This made his father whip him again. At last he did obey. Then he put his little arms round his father's neck, and gave him a kiss; and ever after loved him better than he did before. Sometimes, if he did not obey his parents, they would not pray with him at night. This made him very

* He was the son of the Rev. Mr. Mead, of East Hartford, North America; was born May 4, 1826, and died April 8. 1831.

sorry: he would beg them to pray for him; and if they did not forgive him, he would weep and sob in his little bed, and beg God to pardon him, and to make him a good boy.

When he was three and a half years old, he began to read the Bible; and would not pass over a word which he did not know without asking what it meant. When he heard any older persons talking, he loved to hear what they said, and asked them many questions. When he went any where he asked his father to tell him about all that he saw. And he made his father take him to see in what way many things are made. One day he went to see how chairs and tables were made; then he went to see the wheelwright make wheels; then he saw one man make shoes, and another make a hat, and another grind the flour which makes our bread, and another make the paper on which we write. Many little children do not ask their parents any thing about shoes, and hats, and flour, and paper, but John liked to see and learn all that he could, and this made him know a great deal more than many other little boys. Once his father left him alone in a shop. Some

children would have cried to have been left alone ; but he did much better : as he saw a door shut by itself, he asked the person who was in the shop how it could do so ; and when his father came back he found him looking at a weight which hung over a wheel, and thus pulled the door till it was shut.

Though he was so young, and died before he was five years old, yet he learned a great deal of the Bible. At first he began with two verses every day ; but when he could read better, he learned seven verses every day : so that before he was taken ill he had learned the first thirteen chapters of St. John, and twenty-eight verses of the fourteenth chapter.

Yet few boys are so lively, active, and happy as he was. He loved to play ; and when his father would play with him, his merry laugh would be heard over the whole house. If ever he was angry, he was soon in a good temper. If he could not have what he wished, he did not fret about it ; and if any one was unkind to him he never showed any malice. He loved his parents and his sisters fondly, and when they came back after going from home, he ran eagerly to kiss them. He

tried to please his parents in all things. If they were angry, he could not be happy till he saw them smile ; and if they were ill, he loved to sit beside them, and to do for them all that he could. To his sisters he was no less kind. For a whole winter he brought his little sister in his arms every morning from her bed to the fire in the next room, that she might not make her feet cold by the cold floor, though his own little feet were as naked as her's. It was a pretty sight to see that little boy taking such care of his little sister. If cakes, or raisins, or nuts were given him when he was away from home, he brought them back to share them with his sister ; and sometimes he gave away nearly all. I have said that he was once whipped because he would not obey his parents, but he soon learned to obey them. At three years old he often went with a message for them, and came back at once. Once, when he was four years old, his mother sent him to ask some friends to tea, and to come back as soon as he could. He went from one house to another, as she had told him, and would not stay when they asked him. At the last house he saw, through an

open door, a pretty bird in a cage. They asked him to come in and see it, but he said, "My mother told me not to stop," and ran home as fast as he could. When he got home, and had given the answers with which he was trusted, he told his mother of the pretty bird, and said, "May I go back and see it?" That was much better than if he had staid to see the bird, when he had been told not to do so. It makes children happier in the end to do what they ought to do, than to do what they like to do.

This good little boy was also very kind. Often children spend their money in toys or cakes if they can; but he gave almost all that he had to the poor. For two years he went without sugar and other sweet things which he liked, that he might get a little money to give away. If ever he heard of poor children who had lost their parents, and had no one to take care of them, or who had nothing to eat, he would weep and sob, and would not eat. Often, when the day was so bad that he did not wish to go out to play, he would go through the snow and rain to carry a poor widow milk; and his parents let him do it, because

they wished him to know that he was sent into the world to do good. A short time before he died, he heard a woman say how poor she was, and, having first asked his mother, he took out of his box more than half of all the money that he had and gave it to her. Yet he never told his father of it. He liked to do good, but he did not wish to be praised for it.

That which made little John be so kind and so good was, that he feared and loved God. When he was three years old he always prayed when he went to bed at night, without being told to do so ; and he sometimes went by himself at other times to pray. Once he was staying with two old people, who did not have family prayer. He did not like this : and one day after breakfast he took his Bible, laid it on a chair before them, and read a few verses. After which he knelt down and prayed out loud. Just as he had done, his mother came into the room, and found the two old people in tears ; and the lady said she had never felt any prayer so much as that. The next day he did the same thing while his mother was

there ; and she said that many grown up persons could not offer a better prayer. If ever he was told that he had done wrong he would go into the corner and there pray God to make him a better boy ; and in the last year of his life he often went by himself to pray. Sometimes, also, he prayed with his sister, and sometimes with his parents. All little children have not parents who care for their souls. One day John heard of a sick child, who, when she was very ill, begged her mother in vain to pray with her. Her mother did not know how, so no one prayed with the poor little girl, till she died. When John heard it he shed many tears, and said, " O, mother, I wish that I had been there, I would have prayed for her." At this time he thought much about being saved. Every morning, for some time, when he came from his bed, he said to himself, " The hour is coming, in the which all that are in their graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth, they that have done good to the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil to the resurrection of damnation." But no one who

did not know him can know how much he thought of these truths. He talked about them, and he listened when others talked about them. At his play, and in his bed, and always he seemed to have his mind filled with them. A few weeks before John was ill, a fine boy, who was loved by all who knew him, died. John went to see him buried, and heard his father say to the parents, that parents are in danger of loving their children more than God, and making idols of them, for which God may take them away. John looked very much at the dead body; and when he came home said to his father, "Do you make an idol of me?" and the same evening he said to his mother, "I shall go to heaven, because I know that I love the Lord Jesus Christ."

One day he saw a boy, above ten years old, at a shop door, selling rum, which makes people drunk. Though it was out of the way, he went up to him, and said, "It is wicked of you to sell rum, my father says it is; and you had better be at school." This he never told to his parents, who only heard it from the other boy.

In this way he tried to do good to others. Once he said to his nurse, "Have you given yourself up to Jesus Christ?" She said, "No." "Well, why don't you?" "I can't." "You must pray." "Can't you pray for me?" "The Bible says we must all pray for ourselves." But he often did pray for her; and once he was heard to say, "O Lord, bless R., and give her a new heart; and, O Lord, make her holy, and prepare her for heaven." He was as earnest with his little friends as he was with his nurse. There were two little children whom he went to see not long before he died. He did not ask to see their playthings, nor tell them what playthings he had. He did not think about having any thing given him to eat; nor did he beg them to show him any pictures or to play a game with him: but he tried to bring those little children to turn to God. He told them that if they did not love the Lord Jesus Christ, they would not go to heaven, but would go to hell; and that God would say to them, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." But if

they did love the Lord Jesus Christ, they would go to heaven, and he would say to them, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." One of them then said, "What shall I do?" "You must pray," said John. "I do." "But you do not pray enough; a thousand times would not be enough for me." All this, which John said, is true. All good children will go to heaven, all bad children will be sent to hell. You must be made good, my dear child, by the grace of God; you must love Christ, or you will be lost. Hear that little boy, not five years old, who is now in heaven, and who bids you follow him there. Will you, after you have read this, go and pray to God to make you love Jesus Christ and to serve him all your days, that you may go to that happy place, where little John now is with the Saviour?

At last John grew very ill; nothing did him good. For some time he lay very still in his bed. Then he said, "Mother, I shall want my father called, to see his son die.

When I come to die, you will call my dear father out of the study, won't you?" He loved his father very much. When his father had been from home, and he saw him coming back, he ran to meet him; when his father sat down, he would climb up on his knee and say, "Dear father, my dear father." To his last hour he wished to have him with him; and he was with him at the last. One day he was resting his head on his father's bosom, who wiped the cold sweat from his face; he looked at his father and his mother; he gasped twice; breathed a few times more; and then his spirit went to join all those little children who loved Jesus Christ when they were on earth, and whom Jesus loves in heaven. Dear children, this little boy was only four years and eleven months old when he died. You are perhaps older. Do you know as much of God as he did? Do you love Christ as he did? Do you love your parents as he did? Do you love your brothers and sisters like him? Do you learn every day some of the words of God in the Bible? And do you pray

in secret that God would make you fit for heaven? If not, then begin to do these things now. Never rest till you are pious children; and till you are sure that you will be with Christ in heaven when you die.

MARGARET WALTON.*

MARGARET WALTON learned, when she was a very little girl, that her heart was wicked, and that she must be born again. She knew also that there is a day of judgment, in which all who die will rise again, when those who love God and Christ will go to heaven, and those who love them not will go to hell. She often talked about these truths, and seemed to feel them very much.

Before she was three years old she learned that hymn which says—

“But children you should never let
Your angry passions rise.”

There was a little boy, named George, who

* Margaret, the eldest daughter of the Rev. W. Walton, was born in Charlestown, Virginia, on the 11th of March, 1818, and died October 8, 1825.

did not think of this when he was at play ; for, when he was playing with Margaret, he was so angry that he was going to strike her. Margaret did not beat or scold him for it ; but only said, " You must not let such angry passions rise, little Georgy." She made good use of her hymn.

Before she was four years old she one day saw a blacksmith come out of his shop, and knock a man down with his tongs. It made her feel sick to see the blood run down the poor man's face ; and she asked her mother whether God would forgive that wicked blacksmith. Her mother said, that God would forgive him, if he was sorry for his sin. " Then," said Mary, " I will pray for him." And, she did so ; for some time after, the blacksmith came to the town where she lived, and she then told him that she had prayed to God to forgive him.

About the same time a little black girl was at her father's house ; and, as Margaret wished to do the little girl good, she took her two or three times into a room to pray with her. There was also a very wicked man, to whom she spoke in such a way of God, of the Sa-

viour, of heaven, and of hell, that he said of her, "Miss Margaret is a wonderful child ! I never heard a child talk so in my life." And she talked in the same way to other persons too.

At this time she often went into a room to pray. Sometimes she began to cry when she had not been hurt or vexed ; and, when she was asked what made her cry, she said, "I have such a wicked heart." At family prayer she stood by her father while he read the Bible ; and, when he prayed, she knelt down, with her hands put together before her ; and sometimes she so felt the prayer, that she could not help crying. Often her parents talked with her about the great truths of the Bible ; and she liked to hear of those truths, more than other children like to talk of their clothes, or their toys, their games, or their food.

If her mother had been from home, and asked when she came home, "Who have been good children?" one would say, "I have," and another "I have ;" but she would be silent. And when her mother said to her, "Have not you too been a good girl?" she would not

praise herself, but she would say, with a sweet smile, "Ask Sarah." Once, when she was asked, "Who is the best girl, you or your sister?" she answered, "Why, sister." "And who is the prettiest girl?" "Why, sister." Others did not think so of her; but she did, because she was humble.

Margaret seemed to love every body, and showed it in every way. She often gave things to her little brother; and she used to take her little sister's hand; talk to her so kindly, and show her every thing which she would like to see. When her grandmother was ill, Margaret often went to read the Bible to her in her room; and when one of the servants was ill, Margaret sat by her bed-side, and read the Bible to her too. Thus she tried to be kind to every one. But Margaret did not only read the Bible to please others, for she loved it. Every morning she said a verse out of it to her parents, and thus she knew a great deal of it. When her father asked her why she loved it, she said, "Because it is the word of God." And once, when her father was putting a Bible under her pillow to raise her head, she said to him, "Don't treat the

word of God so." She knew that the great God, who made heaven and earth, has told us his will in the Bible. She knew that he who has so loved us, that he gave his only son, Jesus Christ, to die for us, has told his children in the Bible how much he loves them. She knew also that he had shown her in that book how to be good and happy; and this made her love it and take care of it. It was the Bible which, through the grace of God, made her as pious as she was; it gave her peace till she died; and it made her fit for heaven, where she now is. If children wish to be wise, good, useful, and happy, they must read the Bible; they must love it; and they must obey it.

Though she was so pious she wished to be more so; and said to her mother, "Oh, that I could say, from the bottom of my heart,

'Here, Lord, I give myself away.'"

This thought made her cry for some time when she was in bed, and beg her mother to pray with her; but her mother told her it would be better if she prayed for herself. She then prayed for a long time out loud; and the

nurse, who was in the room, said, that she had never before heard such a prayer from a child.

But little Margaret did not pray only when she went to bed. God is with us every where ; he gives us all that we have ; he takes care of us every minute ; and therefore we may always pray to him ; and so she did. When she walked out she saw much to please her ; there were the flowers and trees, the birds and insects, the horses and sheep, to look at. She could jump and run about as other little girls. She might play with other children, and ask her aunt or her mother to tell her about many things which she saw ; but though she could think and speak about all these things, she loved more to think and speak about God. One day she was walking with her aunt, and they talked of God, and of Christ, and of heaven, till she seemed full of joy ; and, as they were in a quiet place, where nobody was near, she said, " Aunt, you can pray, and I can pray, and we can sing. I want to bow my knees to my heavenly Father. I want to obey his command." Her aunt thought that they could not kneel down

there, where they might be seen; but they sang two hymns which she knew. Her aunt then said to her, "Do you love God?" "Yes," she said, "I know I do." "Do you love him better than every thing else?" "Yes," she said again "I know I do." Ever after that she liked that place, and liked to think of that walk with her aunt. It makes little children happy to love God, and to know that God loves them; and this made her ready to die. God saw it to be good for her that she should not live long on earth; but he made her fit for heaven before he took her away. Though she was young, and had always seemed to others so good a little girl, she felt how bad her heart was, and she said once, "O, I have passed through a great deal of sin!" Many children are not sorry for bad words and wicked acts; but Margaret was grieved to think even of her bad thoughts; yet, when she thought of what Christ had done, it gave her peace. One night she said, "Jesus died to save sinners: if I repent, did he not die for me?" "Yes," said a friend, "he did." "If I feel sorry in my heart for my sins, is not that repentance?" "Yes." "Then," she said,

“God will forgive me for Christ’s sake.” She felt that she was sorry for her sins, and she knew that God pardons those who are so. But her faith, instead of making her cease to pray, made her pray the more. Her words were few, for she was a little girl; but the blessed Saviour heard them. This was her earnest prayer: “O Jesus, love me! O Jesus, Jesus, you did promise me, that whosoever believeth in thy name should not perish. You did promise me so.” Do you think he turned away from her prayer? I feel sure he did not. He did love her; he loves her now; and will love her for ever. Though she died very young, we should not pity her; for she is full of joy now among the angels of God; and she will be so for ever. Indeed she was a happy little child all the time that she was ill. She could talk about heaven with a smile, while her mother and her nurse shed tears for her; and almost her last words showed her hope that she would soon see the Saviour there. When her father said, “Whom do you expect to see in heaven?” she answered, “Jesus.” When he said, “Will you praise him?” she answered, “Yes.” “And

for what?" "For his loving kindness." Soon after that she went to heaven to praise him, as she said. Happy child! she had no fear of dying, and death could not hurt her. They put her body into the grave, but she went to her home above; and there, if we love the Saviour, we shall one day see her, and share in her joy.

MARY LOTHROP.*

WHEN Mary was two years old her mother began to talk to her about God, and she liked to listen to her mother. As soon as she could talk she would say, "That she loved God and wished to be good, that she might go to heaven." Some little children, when they come in to family prayer, look about, or play with their fingers, and do not listen or pray; but Mary, when she was only three years old, sat very still, and thought of all that was said. Some little children will do what they are bid, because they fear to be punished; but she tried to please her parents in all things, and did not wait for them to tell her that she must not do any thing; but if

* She died in Boston, U. S., March 18, 1831, aged six years and three months. From her life, published at Boston, 1832.

she only thought that any thing would grieve them, she would not do it. As she grew older, she tried to please every body; which made them love her, and made her feel happy. She would never play with bad children, but left them to go to her mother, or staid away from them by herself.

At four years old she was sent to school. There she often came to her teacher, Miss G., and said, "Will you please to read what Jesus said to little children?" And once she said, "Will Jesus love little children now; and will he give me a new heart if I ask him?"

Before she was five years old she earnestly sought a new heart, and said, "I want to know that I have a new heart." And when she was five she was more earnest, and said, almost every day, "Dear mother, I want God to make me good. I want him to take away my wicked heart, and give me a new heart. O, mother, will you pray for me?" She was very fond of prayer. If she saw any one in want—if she was vexed by any thing, or if either of her brothers did wrong, she would go and pray. In the morning she would not leave her room without prayer. She did not

say a prayer taught her out of a book, but she prayed for a great many things in her own words.

One night, when she was about five years old, there was a fire in the city, and they cried out, fire! fire! Some children would have screamed when they heard it, and would have thought that they would be burnt in their beds; but Mary lay still; and next day she said, "Mother, when they cried fire last night, I thought that there were so many sinners that did not love God, I was afraid that their houses would get on fire, and burn them up, before they learned the way to heaven. It troubled me so, that I could not help crying; and then I tried to pray for them."

Little children should be like little lambs, and play together, and love each other; but sometimes they quarrel, and are like tigers. They do this because they have wicked hearts; but when God makes their hearts good, then they do not like to quarrel. Mary loved God, and therefore did not like to quarrel with her little brother; and how do you think she tried to make him not quarrel with her? One day he struck her, and was pun-

ished. She then took his hand, and led him out of the room. When she came back, she said, "Mother, I do not think that he will strike me any more." But he did strike her again in a few days. She then said, "Dear mother, don't punish him ; I think I can teach him not to do so again : " and she took him out of the room. Her mother then went after them, to see what she would do. She went with him into a room, and nearly shut the door. Then she made him kneel down by a chair, and she knelt by his side. After which, she said, "O, Lord, forgive my little brother, and give him a new heart, that he may not strike me any more ; and if he does strike me or push me, put it into my heart not to strike him, but to say, 'Don't do so, little brother.' " That was a good way to make him kind to her. If little children would pray with each other, they would not often quarrel.

✓ If her father was ever tired, or in trouble, she did not vex him more by being naughty, but she would go and pray for him. Once she was heard to say, "O Lord, wilt thou bless my dear father, and comfort him by making him think of his heavenly home ?"

Some little children leave their play-things about, and throw down their clothes every where, by which they give servants a great deal of trouble ; but little Mary was very neat and orderly, because her mother told her to be so. Her clothes were folded up with care ; and after she had used a book or a toy, she always put it in its place.

One Sunday, when she was about five years old, she said, “O mother, I do not want to live in this wicked world any longer ; I want to go to heaven, to be where God is. When I look up to heaven, and think that God is there, and the holy angels are there, and the blessed Saviour is there, I can’t live in this world and be a sinner any longer. I want to be where God is. I long to be there. Then we can praise him all the time ; and the blessed Saviour will rejoice to hear us too. It makes me feel very happy.”

Once, when a poor black man came to the house, she said to him, “Cæsar, do you love God ? Do you pray to him ? You must pray a great deal. Do you read the Bible ? You know we have all got to be sick and die. You have got to be sick, and suffer a great

deal. Will you tell me, Cæsar, that you'll love God, and try to serve him?"

"I will, little Mary, I will try." The poor old man wept as he went away, and said, "Good-bye, little Mary; you won't be with us here very long; you'll be better off." After he went out she prayed for him: a few days after that he died.

Another time, when there was an organ playing in the street, she said, "How it makes me feel to see that poor man with the organ, and those little boys; they look so poor and so dirty. I am afraid they have not any one to take care of them, and tell them about God." She then kneeled down, and prayed for the man and the poor little boys, and her heart seemed full of pity for them.

Mary had thought it would make her so happy to be well again, and to play with other children; but she often saw so much which was wrong in their play, that it made her sad. Little children should think that God sees them, even when they play, and not either do or say any thing in their play which is against his will. Sometimes they quarrel with each other; sometimes they are rude:

sometimes they say bad words ; sometimes they are idle, and will neither play nor do any thing else. These things little Mary could not bear : but would rather be by herself : and all good little children must feel as she did.

If ever she spoke of God she was very serious ; and when she spoke of the Saviour she would say the blessed Saviour. It therefore grieved her when her sisters used the name of God lightly. Once, with tears in her eyes, she said to her sister, " You pray too fast ; I cannot hear the name of God repeated so. I do not think God will hear such a prayer." If children only say their prayers, without feeling them, how can they think God will give them what they ask for ? He will give us what we ask with our hearts in the name of Christ ; but if we do not mean what we say, God sees that we do not pray at all, and will not bless us. Mary was therefore quite right.

One day, when she was five years and a half old, she went a short journey with her mother. As they came home the wind blew, the rain poured down, the way was long to

her, and she was very tired ; but before she went to bed she prayed out loud with her mother, and, instead of being vexed that the day had been so bad, she thanked God for making the high hills and the pretty flowers ; and that the wind did not blow any harder, and that it did not rain any more.

You know, my dear children, that there are a great many people in the world called heathen, who do not know God ; they pray to gods of wood and stone to bless them ; they have never heard of Jesus Christ ; they have no Bible ; they are under the power of Satan ; and they live in all kinds of sin. Little Mary had heard of the heathen, and felt so sorry for them, that she was often heard to pray for them ; and if any money was given to her she loved to give it, that missionaries might be sent out to them. God had saved her through Christ, and she wished all other little children in the world to know about God and Christ, that they might be saved too.

Sometimes she was afraid that she was not a child of God, and she wept when she spoke of her sins ; but when she learned that, however sinful she might be, Jesus Christ could

save her, she was led by the grace of God to put herself under his care, and after that she had no more fear.

It pleased God that little Mary should suffer a great deal of pain. Day and night she was in pain ; and she would lie for hours without moving, because any change hurt her so much. Month after month she could scarcely breathe. She could not lift up her arm ; she could only turn her head upon her pillow ; yet she was very patient. She knew that Christ had suffered more for her ; she knew that she deserved to suffer more ; and she knew that she would soon be in heaven. Sickness sometimes makes children cross and selfish ; but little Mary was very grateful. "Dear mother, sweet mother," she sometimes said, "I don't wish you to sit up with me to-night. You can lie down so that I can see you. I love to look at you."

For nearly four months she lay so ill that she could not move her finger, and had no hope to grow better ; yet, when a lady said to her, "I suppose, my dear Mary, you often wonder that you are sick so long, and suffer so much pain," she meekly answered "No ;"

and then said, that she was happier than ever before in her life. O how happy it is to be a child of God !

When her mother gave her some coffee, she said, "It is God who gives coffee its pleasant taste. How good God is to give us so many things to make us happy ! Oranges, lemons, figs ; we could not make them grow. God makes the wood grow too. O how good God is ! I remember, when I rode out last summer, how beautifully the hills and the trees looked. How many there were ! and the sweet little flowers that he made to grow out of the ground." One night, when some persons had said how much they pitied her, she said, "I don't like to hear people call me a lamb ; I would rather they would talk about my being a sinner, and tell me of the sufferings of the Saviour ; that makes me forget how much I suffer."

At length the hour came for her to die. She was very weak and in great pain. "O," she said, "that I could have one breath ! O, that I could cough ! I will try to be patient. Give me more air ! It will soon be over. Mrs. H., come, kneel down by me, and pray

to God. Pray earnest. Speak loud ! earnest, earnest ! O God, do relieve me !” During the prayer she was easier. She then slept for some hours ; after which she again asked Mrs. H. to pray. Not long after the prayer was ended she said earnestly, “ Mother ! come to me—sit close to me ! Call father—call him quick.” She could not speak any more ; but as they watched her, they could hear her faintly whisper, “ Dear ma—sweet ma—sweet ma,” till the sound died away ; and she went to the Saviour whom she had so much loved, and by whom she had been so greatly blessed.

Little Mary was only six years and three months old when she died. Dear children, strive and pray to be like her. Ask God, very often to make you so, and never rest till you are.

SOME THINGS WHICH LITTLE CHILDREN
OUGHT TO DO.

As you have now read, my dear children, the lives of these little boys and girls, you know how soon children may know and love God. Some who have read this little book are, perhaps, older than Phœbe Bartlett, Mary Lothrop, David Brown, or John Mead: you should therefore try at once to love and serve God as they did. If you wish to do so, then read over the rules which I am going to write, and try every day to keep them.

1. As you are sinners you can only be saved for the sake of Jesus Christ, who died upon the cross to save you, you must therefore own your sins, and be sorry for them. You must trust only in Christ to save you; you must ask God, often, to save you for the sake of Christ; and love the Saviour very

much for being so good as to love you and to save you.

2. God has been so good as to send his only son Jesus Christ to save you, and is always doing you good. Think of him always; for he sees you in every place. When you are happy praise him for it; since he gives you all that you enjoy. Praise him when you get up; praise him when you go to bed; and praise him often in the day. And try to love him, as your Heavenly Father, better than you love any body in the world.

3. Since the Bible is the word of God, if you can read well, read it every day, that you may know more and more of what God says to you there, and learn some verses of it every day; and ask your parents to read to you of Samuel and Joseph, of David and Timothy, who all served the Lord when they were young. Ask them above all to read to you of Jesus Christ, who, though he was one with God and was God became a little child, and then died on the cross to save you from hell. And if ever your parents talk to you about God and Christ, about heaven and hell, learn from them all that you can, and think much

of all that they say to you, that you may soon know as much as Mary Lothrop or John Mead knew.

4. As God only can make you wise and good, pray to him very often to bless you. Never get up or go to bed without praying to him. Pray to him sometimes when you are at play or work. Pray to him, before your meals, to bless you. When you are at family prayer sit still to hear the Bible read. Kneel quietly during prayer, and try to pray yourself. Ask also your parents to pray with you, and to pray for you ; and may God hear your prayer, and make you very pious.

5. All these pious children were fond of hymns, and little David knew about forty hymns, although he was not five years old. If you were to learn one verse of a hymn every day in the week till Friday, and then say them over again on Saturday and Sunday, you would soon know as many pretty hymns as little David did.

6. When you read, and when your parents talk to you, you hear words and things which you do not understand. Your parents would be very glad to tell you what these words

and things mean, if you would ask them. Ask them, as little John used, of every thing which you see and hear which may do you good, and try to keep in mind what they say.

7. Good children always love and obey their parents. Do you love and obey your parents? You must do what they tell you at once, with good temper, and as well as you can. God has put them over you, and it is his will that you should obey them, as it is his will that you should obey him. Never do what you know they do not like, even if they are out of sight; for God can see you if they do not; and they also will almost always find you out. Besides, how much they love you, and how many things they give you! You could not get food and clothes without them; and if they did not take care of you, you would soon be sick and die. You ought therefore to love them as little David did, who said to his father, "Let me smudder (smother) you with kisses. You so very dear to me; me can't tell how dear you are!" or as little Mary, whose last words were, "Dear ma, sweet ma—sweet ma!"

You must also be kind, and good, and obe

dient to those who nurse you. They do a great many things for you, and bear with all your faults. You should therefore love them, and do all that they tell you, and never be cross to them.

8. It is the will of God that little children should love each other. It is very sweet to see one little child teach another, as Abner used to teach little David. It is very sweet to see a little brother keep his sister from being hurt, as little John carried his sister from her bed to the fire, that she might not touch the cold floor with her feet; and it is very sweet to hear a little sister pray for her sisters, as Phœbe did when she was only four years old. And will not you, my dear children, be like these good little brothers and sisters? Never quarrel: leave that to dogs and bears. Never hurt each other. Wasps may sting, and snakes may bite; but you should be like doves and lambs. God the Holy Spirit came down on Jesus in the form of a dove, to teach us that he loves us to be as gentle as doves; and Jesus Christ among his enemies was as meek and mild as a lamb, to teach us that we also should be like lambs.

Do for each other every act of kindness that you can. If you have any nice things share them with the others. If you are playing together, give up your wills to each other, and let each try to make the others happy all the day.

9. Some children play very rudely : they push each other about ; they scold each other ; they mock each other ; each wishes to have his own way ; and then they are sure to quarrel before long. If you see children playing in that way, go from them, and never play so yourselves ; but be gentle to each other, and take care never to hurt those who are not so old or so strong as you are.

10. Those children who play rudely, also love to do mischief. If they play with any thing they leave it about. Nothing of theirs is in its place. They tear their frocks ; they break their toys ; they lose their books ; they spoil whatever is given to them. But Jesus, when he was upon earth, would not let the bits of broken bread be wasted ; but made his disciples gather them up. A pious child will never therefore waste and spoil any thing. Take care of every thing which you have.

Put all things in their places ; and instead of spending your money in trash, save it that you may give to the poor.

11. Some of those children whose lives you have read never were known to tell one lie in their lives. I hope you will, from this time, be like them in this. All liars, you know, must be cast into a lake of fire when they die. Liars cannot be children of God. Don't lie once more, if you ever have lied. And if, through the goodness of God, you have never told one lie, then pray to God that you may never tell one to the end of your lives.

Will you, dear children, watch, and strive, and pray that you may thus follow those pious children of whom you have read ? I want you to be blessed. I want you to be the children of God. Do not forget what I have said to you ; but read it over again. If you can give your hearts to God, and do his will ; if you can be sorry for sin, and trust in Christ ; you will be so dear to your parents ; your brothers and sisters will love you very much ; all good people will love you ; you will be loved by the Lord Jesus Christ ; and he will take you at last to be with your Heavenly

Father for ever and ever. There I hope I shall meet many of you, when God has made us all, by his grace, holy and good. And may God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, dwell within you all, and bless you, and keep you to the end.













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